The Bar Sinister-Wyndham Kid's Meteoric Career Among the Canine Champions-By Richard Harding Davis

river front and by day hunted show "Mr. Wyndham, sir." how well for food along the wharves. When I loved the master I bit his chin and we got it the other tramp dogs would hands. try to take it off us, and then it was "Mr. Wyncham, sir," turned over the and drive them away. When I was "Well, these references certainly are able to fight we kept the whole river very strong," he says. "I guess I'll range to ourselves. I had the genu-ine long "punishing" jaw, so mother you keep him away from the kensaid, and there wasn't a man or a dog nels-or you'll both go." that dared worry us. Those were happy days, those were; and we lived grinning like a cat when she's safe be well, share and share alike.

But one day a pack of curs we drove off snarled back some new names at her, and mother dropped "Not that I know much about the her head and ran, just as though they had whipped us, and though I hunted Bernards. What's the matter with his for her in every court and alley and ears?" he says. "They're chewed to back street of Montreal, I never found pieces. Is this a fighting dog?" he

One night a month after mother ran away I asked Guardian, the old blind my head modest-like, waiting for him meant.

was a great and noble gentleman you see; a pet dog, so to speak." from London. "Your father had your father," old Guardian says, "and sir," or they might make a mouthful in him was the best bull-terrier blood of him." of England, the most ancientest, the blood that breeds champions. But, slaps his knee and winks at me most you see, the trouble is, Kid-well, you sociable. see, Kid, the trouble is-your moth-

"That will do." I said, and I got up and walked away, holding my head and tail high in the air. But I wanted to see mother that

very minute and tell her that I didn't

MOTHER is what I am, a street while I, when I'm washed for a fight, am as white as clean snow, she, and lose it for me. You must keep away this is our trouble, she-my mother

is a black and tan. When mother hid herself from me I was twelve months old and able to take care of myself, and one day the master pulled me out of a street fight gentry up in the big house are my betby the hind legs and kicked me good. You want to fight, do you?" says

he. "I'll give you all the fighting you from the champions. want!" he says, and he kicks me and I followed him home. Since that stone flags, licking my jaws. day I've pulled off many fights for nim, and they've brought dogs from all over the province to have a go at me, but up to that night none under Dorothy had come back from school, thirty pounds had ever downed me.

ried me into the ring I saw the dog she sees me. was overweight and that I was no match for him. It was asking too dog," said she; "whose little dog are much of a puppy.

The ring was in a hall back of a while the men folks were a-flashing You must come with me and call on their money and taking their last my new pupples," says she, picking me drink at the bar, a little Irish groom up in her arms and starting off with in gaiters came up to me and give me the back of his hand to smell and scratched me behind the ears.

"You poor little pup," says he. Kid's not to go to the kennels." "You haven't no show," he says. 'That brute in the taproom, he'll eat lady; "they're my kennels, too. And your heart out." * * * *

did happen in that ring. He gave dogs. There was forty of them, but me no time to spring. He fell on each one had his own house and a yard I have known many bull terriers that me like a horse. He closed deeper -and a cot and a drinking basin all to were champions," says he. thing went black and red and bursting; and then the handlers pulled was hungry, and valets to wash 'em; first dog in many days that had him off and the master give me a and they had their hair combed and kick that brought me to. But I brushed like the grooms must when couldn't move none.

sneaking, cowardly cur." And he on 'em in blue letters, and the name of kicks me again in the lower ribs, so each of those they called champions that I go sliding across the sawdust. was painted up fine over his front door. He picked me up by the tail and But they were very proud and haughty swung me for the men folks to see, dogs, and looked only once at me, and "Does any gentleman here want to then sniffed in the air. The little lady's buy a dog." he says, "to make into own dog was an old gentleman bull sausage meat?" he says. "That's all dog and 'e turned quite kind and affable he's good for."

Then I heard the little Irish groom say, "I'll give you ten bob for the "Ten shillings!" says the master. and his voice sobers a bit; "make it a silly name.

two pounds and he's yours." But the pals rushed in again.

"Don't you be a fool, Jerry," they say. "You'll be sorry for this when you're sober. That dog's got good blood in him, that dog has. Why, his ful. "I don't live in the kennels." Regent Royal, son of champion Re- a house dog. I sleep in Miss Doro- and claws the grass, panting and gent Monarch, champion bull-terrier thy's room. And at lunch I'm let in groaning awful. The odds was all of England for four years."

But the master calls out, "Yes, his father was Regent Royal; who's saying he wasn't? But the pup's a cowardly cur, that's what his pup is, and to be so pleased to think hisself so, why-I'll tell you-because his I said, "Yes, sir, you certainly are him in the hindleg," he says. "He's And mother was a black-and-tan street the ugliest ever I see." dog, that's why!"

turned over and fastened all my teeth in his ankle, just across the bone.

When I woke, after the pals had kicked me off him, I was in the was my death," says he. "He rolled smoking car of a railroad train lying me around in the dirt, he did," says locked on his wooly throat, and my in the lap of the little groom, and he Jimmy Jocks, "an' I couldn't get up. back teeth met. I couldn't shake I sometimes fancy that, were I king was rubbing my open wounds with a It was low," says Jimmy Jocks, makgreasy, yellow stuff, exquisite to the smell and most agreeable to lick off. his mouth. "Well, what's your name-Nolan?

Well, Nolan, these references are satisfactory," said the young gentleman my new master called "Mr. Wyndham, sir." "I'll take you on as second man, You can begin today."

My new master shuffled his feet. "Thank you, sir," says he. Then he choked. "I have a little dawg, sir," says he.

"You can't kee him," says "Mr. Wyndham, sir," very short.

"'Es only a puppy, sir," says my new master: "'e wouldn't go outside the stables, sir." "It's not that," says "Mr. Wyndham,

"I have a large kennel of very ine dogs. They're the best of their breed in America. I don't allow strange dogs on the premises." * * * *

crept out from behind the door. "I'm says. "He must win nine blue rib- the quality dogs couldn't forgive sorry, sir," says the master. "Then I bons in the 'open' class. You follow my whipping their champion, and can't take the place. I can't get along me-that is-against all comers. Then they came to the fence between

that fierce that I guessed he was go- ing papers. You know, of course, most cruel words at me. I couldn't ing to whip me, so I turned over on that I am a champion," says he. "I understand how they found it out, my back and begged with my legs am Champion Woodstock Wisard III, but they knew. Jimmy Jocks said

and tail.

Wyndham, sir," very stern,

LEARNED my fighting from my mother when I was very young.
We slept in a lumber yard on the picked me up in his arms, and to

wonderful to see mother fly at them letters the master had given him.

"Thank you, sir," says the master, hind the area railing. "He's not a bad bull terrier," says

"Mr. Wyndham, sir," "feeling my head. smooth-coated breeds. My dogs are St. asks, quick and rough-like.

I ran to the master and hung down mastiff, whose master is the night to tell my list of battles, but the maswatchman on our slip, what it all ter he coughs in his cap most painful. "Fightin' dog, sir," he cries, "Lor' bless Then he tells me that my father you, sir, 'ees just a puppy, sir, same as

"Well, you keep him away from my twenty-two registered ancestors, had St. Bernards," says "Mr. Wyndham,

"Yes, sir, that they might," says the most royal; the winning blue-ribbon master. But when we gets outside he

> The master's new home was in the country, in a province they called Long Island.

"Now, Kid." says the master, "you've got to understand this. When I whistle it means you're not to go out of thi 'ere yard. These stables is your jail. And if you leave 'em I'll have to leave em, too, and over the seas, in the County Mayo, an old mother will 'ave dog; there's no royal blood in to leave her bit of a cottage. For two mother's veins, nor is she like that pounds I must be sending her every father of mine, nor-and that's the month, or she'll have naught to eat, worst-she's not even like me. For nor no thatch over 'er head; so I can't lose my place, Kid, an' see you don't from the kennels," says he. "The ken nels are for the quality. I wouldn't take a litter of them woolly dogs for one wag of your tail, Kid, but for all that they are your betters, same as the ters. I know my place and keep away from the gentry, and you keep away

So I never goes out of the stables. again. So I knew he was my master, All day I just lay in the sun on the

and that same morning she runs over But that night so soon as they car- to the stables to pat her ponies, and "Oh, what a nice little, white little

you?" saye she. "That's my dog, miss," says the maspublic house. I lay in the master's ter. "'Is name is Kid." and I ran up to lap, wrapped in my blanket, and, her most polite and licks her fingers.

> "Oh, but please, miss," cries Noian, "Mr. Wyndham give orders that the

"That'll be all right." says the little the puppies will like to play with him." You wouldn't believe me if I was to I NEVER could just remember what tell you of the style of them quality hisself. They had servants standing 'round waiting to feed 'em when they the go out on the box. Even the pup-"He's a cur!" yells the master, "a ples had overcoats with their names for him to get well away.

> and showed me about. him, but, owing to his weight, he walk- old Jimmy Jocks he lets out a roar, ed most dignified and slow, and looked and he makes three leaps for him. much too proud and handsome for such

Trophy House," says he to me, "and up around his neck like a collar. that over there is the hospital."

"And which of these is your 'ouse sir?" asks I, wishing to be respectfather—that very dog's father—is says he, most contemptuous. "I am and old Jimmy Jocks snaps his gums with the family. I suppose," says that Woodstock Wizard III was go- Utter Lazarus, heel to head! he, speaking very slow and impres- ing to be killed. But Woodstock sive, "I suppose I'm the ugliest bull Wizard III, who was underneath, sees deg in America." and as he seemed me through the dust, and calls very Months of torture, how many such?

"But I couldn't hurt 'em. as you master's grip and fell at his feet and says; "I haven't any teeth. The last kennelmen, catches at the Red Elftime one of those grizzly bears." said he, glaring at the big St. Bernards, "took hold of me, he nearly ing a face like he had a bad taste in pounds of weight tore at his wind-

house off by itself, and Jimmy Jocks puffing and blowing on one side, and For Little Giffin of Tennessee. invites me in. "This is their trophy munching the brute's leg with his room," he says, "where they keep old gums. When the Red Elfberg was their prizes. "Mine." he says, rather grand like, "are on the sideboard."

THE trophy room was as wonderful as any public house I ever see. shining cups on the shelves, which

by the champions. "Now, sir, might I ask you, sir,"

says I, "wet is a champion?" At that he panted and breathed so hard I thought he would bust hisself. "My dear young friend!" says he. THE master shakes his head, and "Wherever have you been educated? I'D never worn a chain before, but motions me with his cap, and I A champion is a—a champion," he I that was the least of it. For he has the title before his name, and the kennels and the stables, and "Mr Wyndham, sir," looked at me they put his photograph in the sport- laughed through the bars, barking

both champions"



"But I thought your name was men asked who was my mother they immy Jocks." I said.

instance?" says he.

Just Kid." Woodstock Wizard puffs at that and three specials." and wrinkles up his forehead and pops out his eyes.

"Who are your people?" says he. 'Where is your home?" "At the stable, sir," I said. "My master is the second groom. At that Woodstock Wizard III

looks at me for quite a bit without winking. "Oh, well, says he at last, "you're a very civil young dog," says he, "and

seeing that I was a stable dog, he didn't want my company, I waited

them, and that a fine, big St. Bernard, his name was Champion Red Elfberg, Old Jimmy Jocks was about a fourth lines: his size, but he plants his feet and Out of the focal and foremost fire. "That's the runway, and that's the curves his back, and his hair goes Out of the hospital walls as dire, But he never had no show at no time, for the grizzly bear, as Jimmy Jocks had called him, lights on old Jimmy's back and tries to break it, faint, "Help, you!" he says. "Take

murdering me," he says. And then the little Miss Dorothy. say," he goes on. "I'm too old," he who was crying and calling to the berg's hind legs to pull him off, and the brute turns his big head and snaps at her. So I went up under him, and my long "punishing jaw" pipes. I couldn't see nothing for his At this we had come to a little long hair, but I heard Jimmy Jocks out and down I had to run, or those

kennel men would have had my life. Well, "Mr. Wyndham, sir," comes raging to the stables and said I'i half killed his best prize winner, Paul H. Hayne contributed his full and he gives the master his notice. On the walls was pictures of nothing But Miss Dorothy she says it was and his close friend and cotempobut beautiful St. Bernard dogs, and his Red Elfberg what began the fight, rows and rows of blue and red and and that I'd saved Jimmy's life, and left his gift to the cause which was yellow ribbons. And there was many that old Jimmy Jocks was worth more to her than all the St. Bernards Jimmy Jocks told me were prizes won in the Swiss mountains-wherever tread of "My Maryland," but the they be. So when he heard that side of it, "Mr. Wyndham, sir," told us However, one cannot resist giving a that if Nolan put me on a chain we part of that deathless "ode" he wrote could stay.

and the two other Woodstock the grooms had boasted to the kennel "Why, you beat him!" says Mr. Wisards, my father and uncle, were men that I was a son of Regent Royal, and that when the kennel

had had to tell them that, too.

He laughs right out at that. "That's my Mennel name, not my said Jimmy Jocks, "but no well-bred you certainly know that every dog at the St. Bernards, "would refer to nels that the New York show was has two names. Now, what's your your misfortune before you, certainly registered name and number, for not cast it in your face. I, myself,

"These misalliances will occur,"

But the jeers cut into my heart, and the chain bore heavy on my

MOTHER! I'M THE KID! I'M COMING TO YOU, MOTHER, I'M COMING."

spirit. egistered name," he says. "Why, dog," saye he, looking most scornful word was passed through the ken- a Tommy's cross belts.

OUR FAMOUS SONGS

Little Giffin

alone and very sad, for he was the which will also live in the dark memories of that would-be forgotten spoken to me. But since he showed, period. Among these I refer to "Little Giffin of Tennessee." written immediately after the war by Dr. Frank O. Ticknor of Columbus, Ga. Little of its fevered interest: Giffin went to the front when it was aptly said that the demand for sol HE trophy house was quite a bit diers was robbing the cradle-went from the kennels, and as I left before he was sixteen and was terit I see Miss Dorothy and Woodstock ribly wounded. Dr. Ticknor took him Wizard III walking back toward to his beautiful country home near Columbus, Ga., for treatment, and as soon as the boy was able to get had broke his chain, and was run- about he slipped away and rejoined "Jimmy Jocks," Miss Dorothy called ning their way. When he reaches the army-this time to receive the wound which proved fatal. Dr. Ticknor tells the story in these spirited

Smitten of grapeshot and gangrene (Eighteenth battle and he sixteen!), cter, such as you seldom see. Little Giffin of Tennessee.

"Take him and welcome!" the surgeon said: "Little the doctor can help the dead. So we took him and brought him where The balm was sweet in the summer air; And we laid him down on a wholesome bed

And we watched the war with abated breath Skeleton boy against skeleton death. Weary weeks of the stick and crutch; still a glint of the steel-blue eye

Told of a spirit that wouldn't die. Word of gloom from the war one day: Johnston pressed at the front, they say. Little Giffin was up and away: A tear-his first-as he bade good-bre Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye, "I'll write if spared!" There was news

But none of Giffin-he did not write. Of the princely Knights of the Golden Ring song of the minstrel in mine ear, And the tender legend that trembles here, I'd give the best on his bended knee, The whitest soul of my chivalry,

* * *

OF course, during the dark years while the civil war lasted many beautiful and touching things were written which will live as long as our literature endures. Our beloved share to the literature of that period. rary, the immortal Timrod, likewise lost. Timrod's "Carolina" has something of the military dignity and poem is too long to be quoted here. and which was sung on the occasion of decorating the graves of the Confederate dead at Magnolia cemetery, Charleston, S. C., in 1867:

Sleep sweetly in your humble graves, Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause; Though yet no marble column craves The pilgrim here to pause In seeds of laurel in the earth

The blossom of your fame is blown And somewhere, waiting for its birth, The shaft is in the stone! Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years Which keep in trust your storied tombs, Behold, your staters bring their tears,

SIDE from the songs that have ONE of the classics growing out of to this later date has never lost any under the horse-trough.

'All quiet along the Potomac," they say, "Except now and then a stray picket s shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro. By a rifleman hid in the thicket Tis nothing; a private or two, now and the

Will not count in the news of the battle ot an officer lost-only one of the men. Moaning out, all alone, the death rattle. All quiet along the Potomac tonight.

Where the soldiers lie peacefully dream ing:

heir tents in the rays of the clear autum Of the light of the watch-fires beaming. tremulous sigh, as the gentle night wind Through the forest leaves softly is cree

While stars up above, with their glittering Keep guard-for the army is sleeping.

The Sponge Animal. F the sponge as brought up fresh

from the seashore were a familiar object few persons would be in doubt fresh it is a fleshy-looking substance covered with a firm skin. Its cav ities are filled with a gelatinous substance called "milk." American sponges and those of all

other parts of the world are inferior to the sponges of the eastern shore of the Mediterraneon. The finest of all sponges is the Turkey toilet sponge, which is cup-shaped. The American sponge most nearly ap proaching it in quality is the West Indian glove sponge.

Traveler's-Tree Myth. A MONG the romantic stories of far-

off lands that have long maintained their circulation and commanded more or less belief is that of the "traveler's tree," credited with possessing a reservoir of pure water fitted to save the lives of wanderers in, the desert. An American scientist declares, from his own experience that the tree grows only in the neighthat although it has a considerable amount of water in a hollow at the his specs, and I knew it was all up other dog but him. base of its leaf, the water possesses with me. He just waves his hand a disagreeable vegetable tasts and as course, is inferior to other water found in the vicinity.

Solidified Petroleum.

AN American consular officer in France has furnished some interesting details concerning the manufacture and use of petroleum briquets as It appears that these briquets weigh only half as much as coal, and that they produce twice as much heat. They keep indefinitely in good condition, it is said; are in no way danger ous, give off no smoke or odor, and ten inches high. They consist of petroeum, either crude or refined, mixed with certain chemicals, the precise na- it so quick without no doubt nor solidified in moids under a pressure of They see insides you. 300 pounds per square inch.

of nothing but the show, and the about them high-bred dogs. He | And then he comes over and picks chances "our kennels" had against the other kennels.

she takes me in her arms. "It's cruel to tie him up so; he's eat- rail he says to the master: "The ing his heart out, Nolan," she says. judge don't like your dog?" "I den't know nothing about bull-terriers," says she, "but I think Kid's got good points," says she, "and you says the man. ought to show him. Jimmy Jocks has you wish, I'll enter your dog, too. think." And when he says them kind How would you like that. Kid?" says words I licks his hand most grateful. she. "How would you like to see the wouldn't it, Kid?" says she.

takes out a piece of blue paper, and care, same as Nolan was. sits down at the head-groom's table. At last the judge he gives a sigh, does it?" says Nalon.

"It does not!" says "Mr. Wyndham, sir." short-like.

ham, sir." and writes it down. ham, sir."

"I-I- unknown, sir," says Noan, getting very red, and I drops my head and tail. And "Mr. Wyndham, hands and cries out like she was bench and pats me and coos at me. laughing. "Three twenty-six," and the handlers have to hold 'em "Mother's name?" says "Mr. Wyndnam, sir."

aster. And I licks his hand. he reads out loud: "Sire unknown, him the "Great Unknown," says he. Who's paying his entrance fee?"

* * * * and me following Nolan in the smoking car, and twenty-two of the St. Bernards, in boxes and crates, and on and howled at me. hains and leashes.

"I am," says Miss Dorothy.

But I hated to go. I knew I was no from his bench and says, "Well done, 'show" dog, even though Miss Doro- Kid. Didn't I tell you so? I saw thy and the master did their best your grandfather make his debut at to keep me from shaming them. For the Crystalbefore we set out Miss Dorothy brings a man from town who scrubbed and rubbed me, and sand-papered my tail and shaved my ears with the master's razor, so you could most see clear through 'em, and sprinkles me A About a month after my fight the over with pipe clay, till I shines like just then and looks at me very criti-

coming, and such goings on as fol- when he first sees me. "What a swell care to sell him?" lowed I never did see. The kennel you are! You're the image of your remember your father's father, when men rubbed 'em and scrubbed 'em granddad when he made his debut at othy, holding me tight. "I wish he "I've only got one name," I says. he made his debut at the Crystal and trims their hair and curls and the Crystal Palace. He took four were." Palace. He took four blue ribbons combs it, and some dogs they fatted, firsts and three specials." But I knew and some they starved. No one talked he was only trying to throw heart

not, but the biggest hall in the world. "Well, I'll give you \$100 for him," Inside there was lines of benches a says he careless like. few miles long, and on them sat every the civil war is "All Quiet Along hehind me, and he said he never street and stops in front of me. left a lasting impression upon those who grew up during the war and immediately following it, there are many which have left a less stirring appeal and he said he never the said he never the left a less stirring appeal and he said he never the said he never the left a less stirring appeal and he left a is non-partisan and deals with a was all as white as cream, and each so beautiful that if I could have it to all. The poem took a strong broke my chain I would have run hold upon the public heart and even all the way home and hid myself

All night long they talked and sang. and passed greetings with old pals, and the home-sick puppies howled dismal.

Next morning, when Miss Dorothy comes and gives me water in a pan. I begs and begs her to take me home,

but she can't understand. Then suddenly men comes hurrying down our street and begins to brush the beautiful bull terriers, and Nolar rubs me with a towel and Miss Dorothy tweaks my ears between her gloves, so that the blood runs to 'em and they turn pink and stand up

straight and sharp. "Now, then, Nolan," says she, "keep his head up-and never let the judge lose sight of him." When I hears that my legs break under me, for I know all about judges. Twice the old master goes up before the judge for fighting me with other dogs, and the judge promises him if he ever does it again he'll chain him up in jail. I knew he'd as to its being an animal. When find me out. A judge can't be fooled by no pipeclay. He can see right through you.

> THE judging ring where the judge holds out was so like a fighting nit that when I came in it and find six other dogs there L springs into position, so that when they lets go l can defend myself. But the master mooths down my hair and whispers "Hold 'ard, Kid, hold 'ard. This ain't a fight," says he. "Look your pret tiest," he whispers, "Please, Kid, look your prettiest," and he pulls my

eash tight. There was millions of people awatching us from the railings, and three of our kennel men, too, making fun of Nolan and me, and Miss Dorothy with her eyes so big that I thought she was a-going to cry. The judge, he was a flerce-looking

man with specs on his nose, and a red The judge looks at us careless like. and then stops and glares through

toward the corner of the ring. "Take him away," he says to the master. "Over there and keep him away," and up with terriers " he turns and looks most solemn at the six beautiful buil terriers. I don't tleman. "He is the champion of know how I crawled to that corner. champions. Regent Royal." The kennel men they slapped the rail with their hands and laughed at the presses her lips tight, and I see tears platform next my father. rolling from her eyes. The master, he I trembled so that I near fall. hangs his head like he had been But my father he never looked at whipped. I felt most sorry for him me. He only smiled, the same sleepy burn with a very white flame, eight or us so, but it was keeping me there his son, was worth his lookin' at. while he was judging the high-bred

And he feels of 'em, and orders 'em seeing me chained up and miserable, and pats me. And Miss Dorothy comes into our eyes. over beside him, but don't say noth-"You poor little tyke," says she. ing. A man on the other side of the

"Have you ever shown him before?" "No." says the master, "and I'll three legs on the Rensselaer cup now, never show him again. He's my dog," and I'm going to show him this time says the master, 'an' he suits me so that he can get the fourth, and if And I don't care what no judges

most beautiful dogs in the world?

Maybe, you'd meet a pal or two," says

THE judge had two of the six dogs on a little platform in the middle four other dogs into the corners quick on my father "I'm sorry," "Mr. Wyndham, sir," laughs and where they was letting on they didn't

"What's the name of the father of and brushes the sawdust off his knees your dog, Nolan?" says he. And Nolan and goes to the table in the ring, says, "The man I got him off told me where there was a man keeping he was a son of Champion Regent score, and heaps and heaps of blue Royal, sir. But it don't seem likely, and gold and red and yellow ribbons. who was holding the beautiful dogs, "Sire unknown," says "Mr. Wynd- and he says to each "What's his num ber?" and he hands each gentleman a "Date of birth?" asks "Mr. Wynd- ribbon. And then he turns sharp, and comes straight at the master.

"What's his number?" says the master the blue ribbon.

"She was a-unknown," says the "Dam unknown," says "Mr. Wynd- hard that the master couldn't hold heads and says, "He certainly is the ham, sir," and writes it down. Then me. When I get to the gate Miss true type, he is:" Dorothy snatches me up and kisses dam unknown, breeder unknown, date me between the ears, right before of birth unknown. You'd better call millions of people, and they both hold me so tight that I didn't know which of them was carrying me.

We sat down together and we all three just talked as fast as we could. TWO weeks after we all got on a help feeling proud of myself, and I train for New York; Jimmy Jocks barked and jumped and leaped about so gay that all the bull terriers in our street stretched on their chains But Jimmy Jocks he leaned over

> "Yes, sir, you did, sir," says I, for I have no love for the men of my

family.

GENTLEMAN with a showing leash around his neck comes up cal. "Nice dog you've got, Miss "Upon my word!" says Jimmy Jocks Wyndham." says he. "Would you

"He's not my dog," says Miss Dor-

master, and I was that glad. "Oh, he's yours, is he?" says the We came to a Garden, which it was gentleman, looking hard at Nolan.

"Thank you, sir, he's not for sale," dog in the world and they was all says Nolan, but his eyes get very big. shouting and barking and howling so The gentleman, he walked away, but vicious that my heart stopped beat- he talks to a man in a golf cap and ing. Jimmy Jocks was chained just by and by the man comes along our

a good dog. As he is, I'll give \$50 But Miss Dorothy laughs and says

"You're Mr. Polk's kennel man, I be-Well, you tell Mr. Polk for lieve. me that the dog's not for sale now it. For, under the ashes and the dirt any more than he was five minutes ago, and that when he is he'll have to bid against me for him." The man looks foolish at that, but he turns to Nolan quick like. "I'll give you three

hundred for him." he says. "Oh, indeed!" whispers Miss Dorothy, like she was talking to herself. "That's it, is it," and she turns and looks at me. Nolan, he holds me

tight. "He's not for sale," he growls, and the man looks black and walks away. "Why, Nolan!" cries Miss Dorothy. terriers than any amateur in Amer-

hundred dollars for a puppy!" "And he ain't no thoroughbred, unknown, ain't he?"

is no more than a puppy! Three

But at that a gentleman runs up calling, "Three twenty-six, three Think of Danbury. Don't you never twenty-six," and Miss Dorothy says, want to be a champion?" How was I "Here he is, what is it?" "The winner's class," says the gen-

only a form for your dog, but the lets 'em run away. The big one, he judge wants all the winners, puppy ain't able to run away. Then mother class even." We had got to the gate and the barks and laughs, and we trots up

my number. "Who won the open?" asks Mis-

"Oh, who would?" laughs the gencourse. He's won for three years streets himself." now. There he is," and he points to a dog that's standing proud and haughty on the platform in the middle of the ring.

NEVER see so beautiful a dog, se fine and clean and noble. Aside looking up at the name on my kenof him, we other dogs, even though we had a blue ribbon apiece, seemed like lumps of mud. He was a royal gentleman, a king, he was, and no one around the ring pointed at no

"Oh, what a picture," cried Miss | weeps bitter. Dorothy. "Who is he?" says she, looking in her book. "I don't keep "Oh, you know him," says the gen-

The master's face went red. "And this is Regent Royal's son."

master. But little Miss Dorothy she cries he, and he plants me on the

than all. If the judge had ordered me smile, and he still keep his eyes halfright out it wouldn't have disgraced shut, like as no one, no, not even The judge, he didn't let me stay dogs that hurt so hard. And his doing beside my father, but, one by one, at them. And each one he put down, the blue ribbons away from father. But he couldn't make up his mind but he never put my father down.

scowls at 'em, and he giares at 'em. up me and sets me back on the platform, shoulder to shoulder with One day Miss Dorothy came to the to run about, And Nolan leans against the Champion Regent Royal, and stables with "Mr. Wyndham, sir," and the rails, with his head hung down, goes down on his knees and looks

The gentleman with my father, he laughs and says to the judge: "Thinking of keeping us here all day, John?" but the judge, he goes behind us and

runs his hand down my side, and holds back my ears and takes my jaws between his fingers. The judge was looking solemn, and when he touches us he does it gentle, like he was patting us For a long time he kneels in the sawdust, looging at my father and at me, and no

one around the ring says nothing to nobody. Then the judge takes a breath and on a little platform in the middle touches me sudden. "It's his," he "It would cheer you up, of the ring, and he had chased the says, but he lays his hand just as says he.

> The gentleman holding my father cries:

"Do you mean to tell me-And the judge, he answers, "I mean the other is the better dog." He takes my father's head between his hands and looks down at him, most And the judge picks up a bunch of sorrowful. "The king is dead," says 'em and walks to the two gentlemen he; "long live the king. Good-by. Regent," he says.

CO that is how I came by my "inheritance," as Miss Dorothy calls it, and just for that, though I couldn't feel where I was any differjudge. And Miss Dorothy claps her ent, the crowd follows me to my the judge writes it down and shoves back so that the gentlemen from the papers can make pictures of me, and I bit the master and I jumps and Nolan walks me up and down so bit Miss Dorothy and I waggled so proud, and the men shakes their

> After that, if I could have asked for it, there was nothing I couldn't get. Miss Dorothy gives me an overcoat, cut very stylish like the champions', to wear when we goes out carriage-driving.

After the next show, where I takes three blue ribbons, four silver cups. two medals, and bring home \$45 for Nolan, they gives me a "registered" name, same as Jimmy's. Miss Dorothy wanted to call me "Regent Heir Apparent." but I was that glad when Nolan says, "No, Kid don't owe nothing to his father, only to you and hisself. So, if you please, Miss. we'll call him Wyndham Kid." But. oh, it was good they was so kind, for if they hadn't been I'd never have got the thing that was more to me than anything in the world. It came about one day when we was

out driving in the cart they calls the dogcart. Nolan was up behind, and me in my new overcoat was sitting beside Miss Dorothy. I hears a dog calling loud for help, and I pricks up my ears and looks over the horse's head. In the road before us three big dogs was chasing a little, old lady dog. She had a string to her tail. where some boys had tied a can, and she was dirty with mud and ashes and torn most awful. She was too far done up to get away, but she was making a fight for her life and dying game. All this I see in a wink, and I can't stand it no longer and clears the wheel and lands in the road and makes a rush for the fighting. Behind me I hear Miss Dorothy cry, "They'll kill that old dog. Wait, take my vicious, but as I come up, scattering the pebbles, she hears and she lifts her head, and my heart breaks open like some one had sunk his teeth in and the blood, I can see who it is, and I know that my mother has come

back to me. I gives a vell that throws them three dogs off their legs. "Mother!" I cries. "I'm the Kid." I cries. "I'm coming to you, mother.

I'm coming."

AND I shoots over her, at the throat of the big dog, and the other two they sinks their teeth into that stylish overcoat and tears it off me. "Mr. Polk knows more about bull and that sets me free, and I lets them have it. Nolan was like a hen on a ica. What can he mean? Why, Kid bank, shaking the butt of his whip, but not daring to cut in for fear of hitting me.

"Stop it. Kid," he says, "stop it. Do neither:" cries the master. "He's you want to be all torn up?" says he. "Think of the Boston show next week." says he. "Think of Chicago. to think of all them places when I had three dogs to cut up at the same tleman. "Hurry, please. The judge time. But in a minute two of 'em s waiting for him. I'm afraid it's begs for mercy, and mother and me and me we dances and jumps and gentleman there was writing down the hill, side by side, with Nolan trying to catch me and Miss Dorothy

laughing at him from the cart. "The Kid's made friends with the poor old dog," says she, "Maybe he tleman. "The old champion, of knew her long ago, when he ran the

> When we drives into the stables I takes mother to my kennel and tells her to go inside it and make herself at home. "Oh, but he won't let me! says she.

"Who won't let you?" says I. "Why, Wyndham Kid," says she, nel. "But I'm Wyndham Kid!" says I.

"You!" cries mother. "You! Is my little Kid the great Wyndham Kid the dogs all talk about?" And at that she just drops down in the straw and

Wall, Miss Dorothy, she sattled it. "If the Kid wants the poor old thing in the stables," says she, "let her stay.

"Indeed, for me," says Nolan, "she

can have the best there is. But what will Mr. Wyndham do?" "He'll do what I say," says Miss Dorothy, "and if I say she's to stay. she will stay, and I say-she's to

And so we live in peace, mother sleeping all day in the sun or behind the stove in the head groom's office. being fed twice a day regular by Nogrooms most irregular. And as for me. I go hurrying around the counhe placed the other dogs next to try to the bench shows, winning ture of which is a trade secret, and questions. You can't fool the judges. him and measured and felt and pulled money and cups for Nolan and taking

Copyright. All rights reserved.